

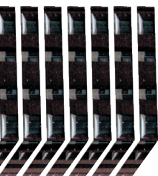
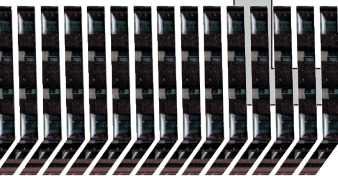
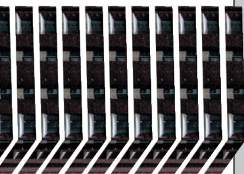
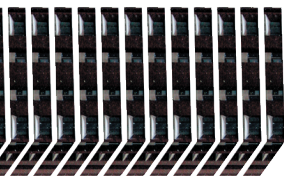
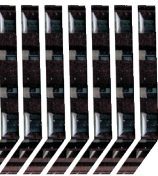
WBOR Presents:

Flip Your Shit

// February



BOWDOIN'S NEW MUSIC ZINE



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We're a little slow here at Flip Your Shit. I like to think of it as deliberate. Sure, we're publishing our February issue at the end of said month, prominently featuring a "Best of 2004" article, but that just means we've spent plenty of time considering what we want to say. Some things are better with time...some things are not. Case in point: one hit wonders from the early 90s (Reel Big Fish). Why am I bitching about Reel Big Fish? Well, because of all the bands currently rocking the music world, a second rate ska punk band is the one the fucking Campus Activities Board has decided to bring to campus to headline this year's Ivies Weekend Bear Aid. Let me be the first to ask the obvious question: what the fuck? The Campus Activities board has left me no choice but to get so drunk I don't remember the show. In previous issues, I've used this space to encourage people to listen to music and/or write about music; this month I just want to beg people to join the Campus Activities Board. I'm gone after this semester, but for the sake of the Bowdoin/Brunswick community, would some musically inclined underclassmen please keep this from happening again? And while I'm bitching about the Campus Activities Board, I'd also like to say that Matt Nathanson sucked. If you disagree with me, write alee@bowdoin.edu and we might put you in the next zine... coming out soon. Enjoy this one for now.

Bitterly yours,
Senior Editor Cory Hiar

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Indie Rock Stars Attack Bowdoin College!

Sarah Moran & Judgie Graham

Tight jeans. Shaggy hair. Vintage t-shirts. Hot guys....this doesn't look like Bowdoin to me. Smith Union was transformed into Maine's hipster Mecca for one night only last Saturday when WBOR brought The Secret Machines, Moving Units and Autolux for their annual concert.

Autolux was the first band to brave the temporary stage setup in Morrell Lounge. Autolux set the mood for their hauntingly lo-fi pretty punk rock by decorating the stage with squares of clustered Christmas lights. All the boys in the audience swooned when Carla stepped out from behind her drum kit to take the mic and with a melancholy sweetness sang *Asleep at the Trigger*. Their set was a short one to make way for the next band, Moving Units, to jump in the spotlight..

The spotlight, however, seemed to be missing as Moving Units performed their dance rock in the dark. The lack of electrical lights was made up for in their hot electric sound. Moving Units was able to pour their energy into the eager crowd. Speaking of tight jeans, no hipster's jeans in the entire audience were as tight as Blake Miller's. Moving Units sexy vocalist. The highlight of the set was when the insane (and I think we actually mean insane) drummer, Johan, after beating the hell out of his very expensive drum kit did a clapping circle around his instrument in some bizarre rock and rock tribal ritual. We loved it.

Wait, wait...there is all this smoke and no jam band! What's going on? Ohh, different smoke. The Secret Machines came equipped with their own light show. Smoke billowed blue and red as they dazzled the audience with ethereal rock music and hot YSL

boots.

The band members stuck around after the show to flirt with college girls and hang out in the swanky Brunswick hot spot known as The Pub. We all had our favorites, whether it was the shy indie boy in Autolux, or the imposing guitar player in Secret Machines, but the one who soldiered through till dawn is our pick for rockstar of the month, Blake from Moving Units. Blake, who also DJ's at clubs in LA gave a few kids a special after party Djing till dawn in WBOR with his dance packed ipod. He impressed the WBOR elite with obscure remixes of Bloc Party, Franz Ferdinand and The Buzzcocks. Bowdoin has never been so cool. And probably never will be again.

Our closing comments: yeah yeah, check check.





- Sarah Moran

Where's the Good Music?

Chris Felax (cfelax@hotmail.com)

The phrase, “Where’s the good music?,” can mean a lot or a little, depending on the audience. This phrase can be a lament, slogan, challenge, or annoyance. The indie rock listener’s whine has always been a list of moans like: “I’m sick of the crap on the radio!” “There’s nothing good on!” “Damn, I’ve heard this song twenty times today!” “How can they play this crap!” For others, the unconcerned, unaffected, or unaware, they still live by the formula and the instant gratification of Eminem’s latest send-up, Beyonce’s newest remix, or Blink-182’s hot 80’s cover. They also don’t mind their music in quick, 3-minute doses repetitiously peppered throughout their day.

So, where’s the good music? It was in the mainstream. It was in your uncle’s record collection. It was easier at the start. We had fewer venues to get to the good music: radio, clubs, shows, Ed Sullivan, American Bandstand, LPs, a few mags, and singles. Imagine not even having mix tapes, CDs or mp3 lists! It’s truly hard to remember. Occasionally, your friend may pause from crimping their hair, or get off the couch after Who’s The Boss, and record a mix tape for you. That was tres cool at the time. Yet, even the content of these mixes were typically from a collection of top-40 artists.

Obviously things have changed since Dad’s bubblegum pop and Grandma’s swinging days. Today, media is fed to us by a multi-armed, pressure-dealing, eight-faced, foul-tempered, fickle hit robot that cranks out putrid replicas, slight variations on familiar themes, and any exponential spin-off on a proven cha-ching recipe. All in all it’s just another brick in the media wall, yo. It pumps through the radio like

a subtle chain reaction of the system feeding on itself and regurgitating the music in a shade lighter bling or a more polished shizzle.

So, then what of the phrase, “Where’s the good music?” For the good stuff we need to look a bit deeper than top-40 or MTV, widen our attention, and begin to actively seek out the good stuff. It won’t just sneak up on you one day, you actually have to go out and hunt it down and bite it in the ass and hold on! Where do we find the good music? The best means these days is the internet. Yep, equal parts friend and foe, Mr. Dubya-Dubya-Dubya has many friends in the music biz and a large library of knowledge. Without the benefit of U.S. defense-grade budgets, we find independent music has had to thrive on the web, not on the radio or in the latest issue of Rolling Stone. It’s affordable to get your message out and not pay “the Man” half your cash to do so. There are many free music download sites, file-sharing programs and services (both paid and free), online web-zines, and record company websites for one to peruse the hidden gold. You no longer have to solely rely on radio, television, or magazines to get your music. This is good. But, you have to burrow a few layers down, get your hands dirty, and warm up yer mouse-clickin’ hand. These tasty audio nuggets are downloadable as music files. They usually exist in mp3 format, but are also delivered in streaming audio formats like Windows Media, Real Audio, Live365 and others. Sound quality can vary as much as artist quality. It takes some practice and searching to find good sites and good resources. I won’t get into the whole debate over legal/illegal download sites, and all that hoopla, we’re just talking about good music

for now.

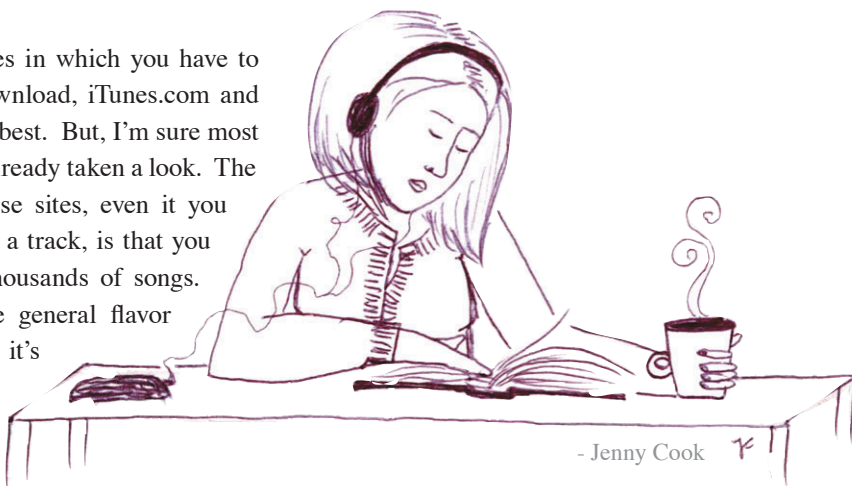
So, once you're surfen' the info parkway, what next? Depending on your music tastes, there may be more or less available depending on genre. Options are limited by interests - sorry Zither Disco Covers lovers, you'll need to look very hard! I've found sites like: Pitchforkmedia.com, Insound.com, and Epitonic.com (just to name a few) have a variety to choose from. The latter, Epitonic.com, has genre links and will give you several artists that sound similar to the one you're downloading, so you can hear more tunes of the same genre and branch out. I often find myself bouncing around through these recommendations and landing on an artist that I haven't heard of yet. This is how my knowledge grows. These three mentioned sites have hundreds of free full-length mp3s to download. Many of my own mixes have been half-full of these newly discovered gems. These artists are the ones that slipped under the radar and are just waiting for a new audience - You. But, if true alternative music is what you crave; that is, alternative to what's on the major radio stations, then check out these sites or do a Google search on mp3 downloads.

As for the download sites in which you have to pay for the privilege to download, iTunes.com and Napster.com are among the best. But, I'm sure most of you know this and have already taken a look. The one good advantage to these sites, even if you don't want to shell out \$.99 a track, is that you can listen to snippets of thousands of songs. This way, you can get the general flavor of an album and decide if it's worth buying the whole meal or just a few side dishes. Some Russian

downloads sites offer cheaper track prices, but not all are well organized. One site I use religiously is: www.mp3search.ru. This site has a huge online database and is updated daily. Tracks are only \$0.10 compared to \$.99 for most other download services.

Then of course, we have the file-sharing download applications which allow us to share the good music - for free. These programs vary in approach, audience, effectiveness, and purpose, but a good portion of us music freaks now use these apps to find our tunes. I've found these file-sharing apps have only increased my purchasing habits since I can hear so much more good music. Applications like Kazaa, Limewire, SoulSeek, Napster, Grokster, Acquisition, Morpheus, and many many more, give us the freedom to check out unreleased albums, rare tracks, covers, live material, and last but not least, legit studio tracks. Again, I won't get into a debate over legality, but it's a mighty resource that has served my musical mojo well. I've learned so much about good music, and it's such an organic, tangential journey, that I can't stop recommending it. Plus, I find new bands and

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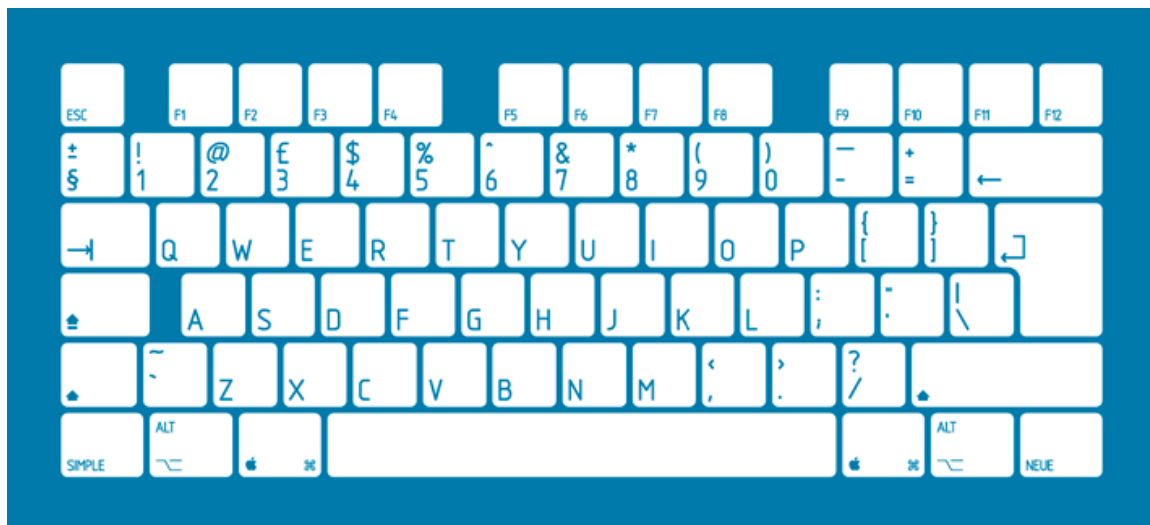
- Jenny Cook

songs all the time and want to learn more about, and ultimately, buy more too. Sure, not everyone will do the same. Some people only search for the latest hit single, or the entire O.D.B. (r.i.p. Big Baby Jesus) catalog, but you can't ignore it's influence. If not for the original Napster, iTunes wouldn't even exist! Some people search for the newest unreleased album (months away from official release date) and burn copies to impress their friends. The few negatives – varying sound quality, bogus tracks, spyware – are outweighed by the benefits of having a vast music library to choose from. This is an ever-evolving, moment-in-time snapshot of the music community from one minute to the next. The only music you see on these file-sharing apps consists of tracks that exist on each user's computer that happens to be logged on the same time as you are.

One last newbie to this music venue smorgasbord, is satellite radio. It's the new kid on the block, but its personality hasn't quite developed yet. The initial benefits touted by the two major players – XM & Sirius – haven't been really proven either. Both offer

100-200 radio stations of varying genres, including news, sports and religious stations. The music is claimed to be continuous, but that will surely change when more users adopt this service and advertising becomes lucrative. Two formats, one idea, so who's going to be the Betamax here? This will be hard to judge. Sirius claims NPR news, but XM does not. XM has the Weather Channel news, but Sirius does not. Both have varying channels from varying broadcasting giants and the advantage is hard to see so early in the game. Whoever can claim the most subscribers will probably win the battle with a little marketing savvy thrown in for good measure. It would be nice to have more radio channels available (and without commercials), but again, the playlists are ultimately dictated by a big company. It's a rough compilation of what they think you should listen to and what you should buy. It's a promising start, but I fear it will eventually fall to the dark side (damn you Clear Channel!)

As music evolves, so will our means to listen to it. These internet applications and services are the fast-



est to adapt and improve depending on the changing needs of its audience. There's no production budget, assembly line, distribution cost, touring budget, etc. These sites can morph overnight and add features, content, and functionality and all as need dictates. For the untrained, web surfing can be daunting, intimidating, and even dizzying, but the results and benefits are there. People are used to the internet now. It's a living, breathing entity that is created by the people for the people. Yet, the only stick in the musical mud also comes back to the people. We have those that abuse these music sites and services. We have people trying to derail the freedom aspect and force a profitable alternative, a business model. We have artists on both sides of the fence claiming free music is either blatant stealing or a new way to be heard. For now, we're still in love with our portable

hardware and old fashioned radios. We want our throw-away singles and hits. Mp3 players, iPods, portable satellite radio, walkmen, cellphones, PDAs, and other devices, play our music as we like, when we like. We still want something tangible and tactile to serve us our musical fix. We still want cachet and class and the ooh-aah aspect of a neat device. As the market changes our tastes change along with it. The iPod and its cloned ilk are making a great bridge for the analog-to-digital change-over. It's helping us add personality and individuality to our music collection and it's becoming a statement again.

So when people still ask you "where's the good music?" Tell them "it's out there." It's online. It's on your iPod or cell phone. It's on your computer. It's on our minds. It's on the horizon waiting to be heard. But for now, it's definitely not on the radio.

The Radio Revolution

Alice Lee

Everyone has a favorite radio station or two- it's the station that's pre-programmed in your car, the first button you mash when a commercial comes on. Maybe it's the top 40 station, the 80's, 90's and Today station, Frank FM, or whatever else, but chances are, despite your preference for it, this radio station has "the sickness." It's an epidemic, really. Regardless of genre, commercial stations across the nation have been showing symptoms for years. Endless advertisements, obnoxious morning shows, ignorant DJs, a narrow selection of music, and general mismanagement are the most prevalent. The most tragic aspect of this dilemma is that although most people are willing to admit that radio is annoying, they don't do anything about it. As a result, commercial radio is slowly but surely ruining music.

A year ago, I would have been perfectly happy to agree that 107.7 The End, a Seattle-based radio station, and my personal favorite, had a bad case of "the sickness." Although they claimed to be "Seattle's alternative radio station," they were playing nothing but Limp Bizkit, Adema, Nickelback, Linkin Park, Good Charlotte, Papa Roach, POD, etc. My once favorite radio station had become just so much crap.

Sometime near the end of 2003, The End got busted for accepting money to overplay certain bad songs. Although this situation speaks despicably of the station (and perhaps my choice of stations) it paved the way for a type of radio revolution. Instead of going back to playing the same bad bands they'd been playing before, only not accepting money to do

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it, The End decided to return to its roots.

In Seattle and the surrounding suburbs (i.e., the rest of western Washington), good music is not hard to come by. Everyone knows the big names: Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, and of course, Nirvana, but there's so many more: Jimi Hendrix, Death Cab for Cutie, Modest Mouse, The Postal Service, Murder City Devils, etc, etc, etc. By returning to its roots, The End opened up the doors to an enormous volume of local music, as well as alternative bands from everywhere in the US and beyond.

Not only did they begin playing amazing music, new and old, they began doing something no radio station in my knowledge has ever done- listening to their listeners. After compiling a list of listener complaints about the station pre-revolution, they were able to come up with an "Alternative Declaration." Below, I have provided a copy of the Declaration, which is also available at www.1077theend.com.

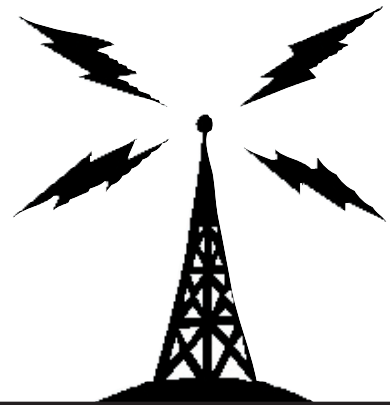
- 1) It's about the music.
- 2) We will listen to our listeners and treat them with respect.
- 3) We will tell you the artist and title of every song we play.
- 4) We will support local music, bands, and shows.
- 5) We will respect the music, the artist, and our listeners by never talking over the songs.
- 6) We will seek out and support new music.
- 7) We will employ knowledgeable deejays and give them control of their shows.
- 8) We believe in diversity and will be open-minded about what music we can play.
- 9) We will play any good song on an album, not just the "hit" single.
- 10) We will surprise you with songs you haven't

heard in a while.

- 11) We will play more songs and repeat them less often.

Surprise, surprise, the number of listeners, which had been dwindling, skyrocketed. By moving away from playing exclusively teen angst music towards a more grunge/late80's/indie focus, they not only gained back listeners, but began to appeal to a somewhat older (more mature?) crowd. They even throw in the occasional Bob Marley or U2 song.

My point in describing all this is twofold. First, I'd like to thank The End for not sucking anymore, but more importantly, I wanted to remind all you consumers of commercial radio out there that there is hope. The End's reformation shouldn't be the end (hahaha) of a possible radio revolution. No matter your preferred genre, no doubt there's a radio station out there that could use a bit of reform, if only a reminder that respecting the songs, artists, and listeners goes a long way and, that when it all boils down to it, "It's about the music."



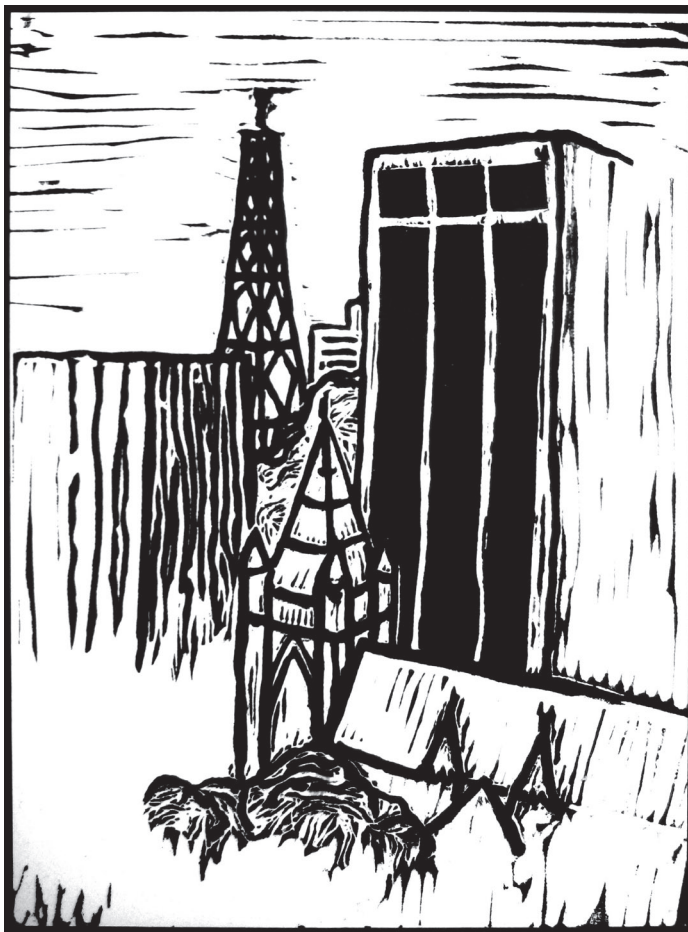
Silence

Karina Van Schaardenburg

Ok, so maybe I'm mellowing out in my old age. I'm done with my teenage rebellion and am now ready to settle in a suburb and take up water coloring and Tai Chi. Whatever the reason; I have recently begun to appreciate what I see as a completely underrated art form: silence. I know all the typical clichés written on greeting cards about speaking without words and paths through snowy woods. So do you if you if you've been paying attention for any length of time since you were born. But as with most clichés, they are repeated so often because they contain a smidgen of truth.

My problem with noise is that it all wants things from me. It invades my ears and mind and relentlessly requests that I do certain things. My alarm clock and the construction of the new freshman dorms have schemed and joined forces to wake me up at dawn. The sound of my fire alarm means I've probably burned the popcorn again and should probably feed it to the dog and find a ladder to turn of That God-awful Ruckus. My professors' voices want me to be able to navigate the intricacies of the philosophical implications of quantum physics. The TV wants me to buy things immediately so they can have my money in exchange for high quality air purifiers! (I don't listen to that one.)

Bands are no different. Each has a mission statement. The good ones convey it through their sound. The bad ones, well, I know we've all heard Mates of State. Some want you to overthrow the government and worship pagan gods. Some want you to sit around sipping gin and tonics while discussing the plight of the modern woman. Some want you kill yourself. But when you get right down to it, most just want you to get down. Silence is nothing more or less than the blessed absence of demands. John Cage did for music what Duchamp did for art when he composed



- Karina Van Schaardenburg

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4'33", a work of silence lasting for the specified duration. Audience members used to being crammed with external auditory stimuli were left with space to explore the sounds of their own heartbeats and breathing, space to hear their own thoughts. Bands like Explosions in the Sky, Unwed Sailor, and Low use that space to add weight to their crescendos. Anyone who doubts the value of silence in music should listen to the silence that first converted me: The 40 seconds in the middle of Fuck's song "Panties Off."

So go ahead, give yourself a vacation from sound. Protest the construction. Unplug your phone for a day – oh, and while you're at it, unplug your stereo too.

Fringes

Connor Williams

Faithful readers of "Flip Your Shit" will very likely have learned that "good" and "bad" music are often distinguished by how they are perceived by groups. Sure, it's simple to say that the attitude of the masses has an effect on our thought, no matter how much we'd each like to claim that our tastes are purely our own- it's not particularly profound. We develop our musical tastes in relation to the tastes of others whose judgment we respect, and for the most part, that's a great thing.

What's interesting about all that, though, is that we've all got a rebellious streak. There's a revolutionary inside of each of us, some more pronounced than others. We'd all like to be a little eccentric to get attention for our musical tastes because we're "ahead of our time" or "well-cultivated." All of a sudden, it doesn't seem so clear anymore that we follow our peers. Instead of adopting a mixture of the tastes of musicians, friends, Cory Hiars, etc, we decide that we'd like to contribute to other people's minds as well. Obscurity in music gains value, because it offers the elusive "authority" status to those willing to work hard enough to burrow



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below the average musical consciousness.

Everyone's got a quirk, of course. I tend towards burying myself in Spanish music, for example. Others search the distant past or their own hometowns to stay on the cutting edge, on the fringe. That's really what it ends up being all about: finding your niche on the fringe. If your roommates walk by and hear Jay-Z, chances aren't good that they'll comment. On the other hand, if they hear Manu Chao or Tote King, they're going to give you the chance to show off. "Oh yeah," you say with a knowing, even condescending, smile, "it's a solid CD, but you know, I think that he's lost a lot since (insert album/lawsuit/name change here)." It feels great to be the expert, and we love the attention.

What does it mean to be on the fringe, though? In rock, bands are "indie," short for "independent." In hip-hop, they're "underground," short for "not making a lot of money." They survive in an odd orbit, sustained by their obscurity and avant-garde pedigree, but at eternal peril of being quietly forgotten or striking it bigger. What's worse, there are various areas of fringe. For example, NWA drew popularity from their extremely violent lyrics that left them mainstream but still distant, until the genre caught up to them. Even mainstream pop can be on an economic fringe, since the cost of their albums renders their art a luxury item for a smaller group. Nelly fans aren't going to find a lot of room to be authorities over their peers, but they can claim superiority by their economic wherewithal. Music fans can reach fringe status if they are willing/capable of purchasing all of their music in place of burning/stealing it.

Music is obviously not only a simple tool by which we seek social advancement, but it would be naïve to underestimate the power of those around us when we make choices about music. It's not so bad, either. Music is meant to be shared; it's a social tool. It sets the mood, breaks silence, and sends a message. It belongs between us, not only within. The "fringe effect" isn't harmful in and of itself, because it keeps things interesting and music original. If there wasn't a market for the new and different, then it wouldn't get exist. Being aware of our tendency to trailblaze, however, is essential, and it keeps us from becoming unforgivably snobbish about the work that we've put into our taste.

Sibling Rivalry - To Burn Or Not To Burn?

Cory & Erica Hiar

ERICA:

To burn or to buy... that was the question posed to me by my loving brother Cory while at the Bright Eyes concert over winter break back home in Minnesota. He was absolutely appalled that I did not want to purchase the new Bright Eyes CD. How could I say I liked a band but then not support them, was his argument. Well, what I have to say to that is that people that aren't in college and don't owe thousands of dollars to the government can support the band. Now, I realize that that is a cop-out argument and yes, I do feel somewhat guilty ripping CDs off the internet, but my conscience isn't so strong that I don't do it. I understand that the bands need my support financially and I will hopefully one day be out of debt and have the income to support small upcoming bands, but until that day I plan to enjoy new music and use the technology that we have to

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acquire that music through my minuscule financial means. I am not writing this to encourage people to rip CDs off the internet I am merely stating my side of the argument that I am sure many people would agree with. My brother on the other hand, is ready to disown me as a sister and I am sure his argument is much more convincing and makes you want to go out and buy a CD, hell I did, just to get him off my back. So, my fellow college students what I am here to say is do not get down on yourself when a self-righteous music snob such as Cory Hiar harps on you about ripping CDs, just remember to give back when you have the money.

CORY:

Unlike any other previous method of music duplication, a burnt CD is audibly indistinguishable from its original version. The only difference is that the burnt copy doesn't come with the album liner and didn't cost fifteen bucks. Some, such as my irreparable sister, Erica Hiar, deem that difference to be altogether insignificant. She loves her music but doesn't feel that liner notes and artwork are worth fifteen of her hard earned dollars. The artistic significance of the CD packaging aside, when you buy a CD most of that money is to pay the artist (by way of the greedy record companies) and not to cover the cost of the album art. Granted, it's not a perfect system of exchange, but when you burn a CD, the artist gets absolutely nothing. I feel that if you really love music, you should support the people who make the soundtrack of your life. I don't think it is a matter of something you "should" do. I firmly believe that if you burn a CD, you are stealing a band's art. As anyone who has had their paintings or sculptures swiped from the VAC knows, that really fucking sucks. That said, I think there are some people who should get their shit stolen. I believe burning CDs is wrong, but as with any moral truth, a greater concept of good and evil should play into the decision making process. R. Kelly, for example, is evil. He makes good music that I occasionally like to listen to, but he also pees on little girls. Burn his music cause he's gonna burn in hell. I will also acknowledge that occasionally there can be an economic rationale for burning a CD. Not, "I don't have enough loot to buy this album," but if an artist makes it a point to gloat about how much more cash they have then me I might unleash my inner socialist, rip their CD, and invest my fifteen dollars into my own damn bling fund. I've also been known to burn dead peoples' CDs. They can't take it with em and their kids deserve my money as much as I deserve my dad's drinking problem. With very few exceptions (three by my count), ripping CDs is wrong. If you love music, put your money where your music is.



- Jenny Cook



*Concert Reviews

The Futureheads live at Amoeba Music, Hollywood, California. Jan. 10

Tauwan Patterson

“I go to many concerts where people stare at the acts as if they’re looking into a primate cage. Nobody looks dumb when they dance or everyone looks dumb when they dance. Whichever one is true shouldn’t matter, next time you go to a show dance your ass off, you’ll enjoy it much better and so will the band.”-Daniel Jones, Info counter guru @ AMOEBA RECORDS, HOLLYWOOD

I’VE SEEN THE FUTURE!...AND DANCING IS PERMITTED!*

*(Unless you are a resident of Los Angeles, in that case, you are screwed)

Let us begin by looking back to a time when members of the hit making Motown machine had their names sprawled across many a marquee throughout the country. Each act, whether it was Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, The Temptations, or the Jackson 5, gave their all on stage, putting on one hell of a show as if it was their last. These acts gave 100%, far surpassing the 50% performance quota that should have been expected of them. Now, I know what you are thinking: who aims for 50% in terms of showmanship when they perform? Well for me, when it comes to concerts, it is a two-way street between the audience and the performer. The performer lives to feed off the audience and the audience lives to feed off the music and energy fed to them by the performer.

During this [much missed] golden age of performance, folks adorned themselves in their Sunday best and allowed themselves to become slaves to the music. A little sweat and wrinkles in clothing could not ruin their chance to shake what they mama gave them and show some love for the hard working musicians on stage. Sure there were these “laws” (Jim Crow) that were tenets of this big “social demon” (Racism) but whether segregated or integrated, individuals in the audiences did not cease from collectively putting on display the sheer rhythmic joy of movement previously experienced alone in a room or in tiny groups with friends. Good times were had by all as players on both sides (artists and audience members) unconsciously worked to fulfill their sides of the bargain.

The same can not be said for concerts today, particularly those in the indie/hipster/danceable post-punk vein that make their way to Los Angeles, California. Sure we Los Angelinos step out in our Sunday best

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(For Him: ironic t-shirts, blazers, tight fitting jeans, Cuomo frames, Vans or Converse for shoes, feminine and/or androgynous waif-like look. For Her: leg warmers, chunky accessories, buttons, retro heels, blazers. Oh and don't forget the non-conformist haircuts shared by both sexes) This indie/hipster look walks a fine line between looking overdone or simplistically perfect. I am guessing the look is more of the former, for that would explain why people at the indie and post-punk shows here in Los Angeles stand around motionless like a deer in headlights. It's as if each show in this genre is Nirvana Unplugged in New York.

What's a boy to do? I too am dressed okay, but unlike my hip concert goers I want to sing at the top of my lungs (Damn did I just quote John Mayer? Fuck!) and move around as if I am the main event. Song after song I bob and sing, looking around asking myself 'God will anyone join me?' Fortunately on this night, I was joined by the four lads of The Futureheads, who put on a brief but stellar 35 minute set of raucous and buoyant songs steeped in the aesthetics of punk, post punk and a capella.

Armed with bottles of New Castle, Corona, and Arrowhead natural spring water at their feet, The Futureheads stormed onto Amoeba's tiny stage putting their best Elvis/Chuck Berry/Johnny Ramone/Casbah rocking Clash foot forward. Watch as lead singer/guitarist Barry Hyde destroys a string on his guitar after the rollicking opener 'Le Garage.' Let your jaw drop as vocalist/guitarist Ross Millard opens 'He knows' with a rousing strum of the guitar that packs the same punch it does on disc. And smile with glee as the boys joke amongst themselves, and partake in the type of camaraderie that shows these guys have been playing together since their late teens.

Upon the first spin of their self-titled debut, one is immediately blown away by the vocal precision applied to every track. In concert, the vocal harmonies are even more prominent, as each member of the group, including drummer Dave Hyde, does his fair share of singing a line, chorus, or bridge. As was expected, songs in which the harmonies and instrumentation were tight and crisp, were the highlights of the show. Before the start of 'A to B,' a self described ode to laziness by Barry Hyde, Hyde warned the audience that what they were about to hear was a new take on the track that had never been tried (or heard) before. What followed was an extended opening to the song sans instrumentation which managed to show off the strong harmonies that reside within this group.

For the end of the set, the group chose to perform songs which perfectly combined what in no time will become their trademarks: tight harmonies, punk and post-punk aesthetics, and exuberant rock and roll dance moves reminiscent of Elvis Presley. Hands down, the three songs that closed the show reigned supreme. A strong take on Kate Bush's "Hounds of Love" shined in all the right places while the set (and album) closer 'Man Ray' one-upped 'Hounds of Love', applying hand claps, dynamics, singing, and screaming.

The words 'shut up' close Man Ray, but by the time those words were uttered the hip and motionless crowd in Amoeba Records could not refrain from showing their love for The Futureheads. Sure, if you cover your ears and just stare, the group could easily be The Killers/Razorlight/Franz Ferdinand/Phantom Planet/The Strokes, but the sounds and stage presence is all theirs, and helps to prove, as noted by an Amoeba staff member in Berkeley that 'The Strokes bandwagon is the best pop music bandwagon' to come along in quite some time.



*Album Reviews

Bright Eyes (concert 4/5, *Wide Awake* 4.5/5, *Digital Ash* 3/5)

Cory Hiar

I'm not exactly sure how to do this since I'm still pretty new at the whole musical criticism genre, but I'm going to try and review the two new Bright Eyes albums as well as their concert I took in over winter break. Bear with me. I guess it would be easiest to begin at the beginning. Once upon a winter break...

As soon as I got home to Minnesota, I immediately scanned the concert schedules at all of my favorite clubs. I ended up overlooking the mid-sized venues, so didn't find out about Bright Eyes' show until about a week before when I read in City Pages that they were playing at the State Theater on the fifteenth. My sister had bought me a much needed replacement copy of *The Story is in the Soil, Keep Your Ear to the Ground*, Bright Eyes' poorly-titled but well-crafted third album for Christmas, so I was equally ecstatic and shocked when I found out about the concert. I rushed downtown and bought three of the remaining ten or so seats.

My sister, her ex-boyfriend (don't ask, cause I'm not explaining) and I all headed downtown a little after eight on the night of the show. We thought, this being a rock show, the bands would be a bit comfortably late so we should too. We thought wrong. We ended up missing the first opening act, Tilly and the Wall, the tap dancing Saddle Creek label mates of Bright Eyes. Yeah, I missed a tap dancing rock band. I was pissed. The second opening act didn't help much. The sorta French trio Coco Rosie was on next and they were way too weird to rock to. I have heard some of their stuff since the show, and it is actually pretty good, but that night they merely served as a big buzzkill. I was also really mad that they were the second opening act. None of them even knew how to tap dance. What the fuck?

Connor Oberst, the lead singer and creative force around an ever changing cast of players collectively known as Bright Eyes, started the show out with the first three songs off his as-of-then unreleased *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*. There were between eight and ten musicians on the stage for most of the set. They did a wonderful job fleshing out the twangy acoustic songs that make up the bulk of *Wide Awake*. The audience responded in kind. Although the vast majority of the set list was comprised of songs that had yet to be officially released, no one seemed to mind the unfamiliarity.

I remember a few of the stronger tracks from the album really sticking out to me at the concert. I loved

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the album's third track and the show's third song "Old Soul Song (For the New World Order)" as soon as I heard it. The song, like many others on the new albums is vaguely political. This should come as no surprise to those who witnessed Oberst burst out from the political closet on the MoveOn.org "Vote for Change Tour" with the Boss and R.E.M. My sister's conservative NoDak (North Dakotan, for those not up to it with their Midwest lingo) ex-boyfriend who apparently had not, was less than thrilled when Oberst delivered his most overt political polemic, the unreleased song "When the President Talks to God." In the first verse, Oberst wonders if Dubbya asks "to rape our women's' rights / or to send poor farm kids off to die." He performed the song solo with only an acoustic guitar, but his incendiary lyrics and unbridled passion earned him the biggest ovation of the night. After some lines, he was actually in danger of being drowned out by the cheers.

After that highlight, the band came out and played the last three songs on *Wide Awake*. They played a wildly wonderful version of "Land Locked Blues," a song that was originally released in superior form on the Saddle Creek 50 compilation and re-released in stripped down form on the new album (really, my only serious gripe about *Wide Awake*). The last song was the Beethoven rip off



- Heather Emmons

"Road to Joy" where Oberst announced he was "wide awake it's morning." In many ways, the lyrics in "Road to Joy" encapsulate the numerous themes Oberst tackles on this album. He takes a swig from the bottle and swings at religion, the war and even the fame he has been flirting with. The album and the concert closed with the lines: "I could have been a famous singer, if I had someone else's voice / but failure's always sounded better, let's fuck it up boys. Make some noise!" The moral majority took over the country, the war continues to drag on, but there are still exciting artists like Conor Oberst making music to sustain the soul for four more years. When the final trumpet sounded, Bright Eyes fled the stage and flooded the theater with light. My only disappointment was that the show was over. I was also really confused as to why they didn't play anything off their second new album *Digital Ash in a Digital Urn*.

The track on *The Story is in the Soil* that initially interested me in Bright Eyes was the pulsing, orchestra, looping track "Lover I Don't Have to Love." When I heard that Bright Eyes was putting out two new albums,

I have to admit I was more excited for the “more beat-oriented” album Oberst described when he spoke with NME last May. So at the show when I saw a couple fellow concertgoers sporting the officially unreleased new albums, I rushed downstairs to buy *Digital Ash*. I convinced my sister to buy the mellower *Wide Awake* album since I didn’t have enough money (and it was the right thing to do and all...) but little did I realize she was getting the better deal out of the arrangement. Not only was the new album two dollars more expensive at the show than at Brunswick’s own Bullmoose Music, but *Wide Awake* is simply better than *Digital Ash*. I also realized after “Road to Joy” ended the show in abrupt fashion that Bright Eyes was not going to be playing any of the material off *Digital Ash* this tour. When I got home, I found out that that there would be a second Bright Eyes tour with Saddle Creek label mates and No Doubt headliners the Fever backing the beatastic *Digital Ash* material.

As an album, *Digital Ash in a Digital Urn* is not a bad, just not nearly as inspiring as *I’m Wide Awake, It’s Morning*. I can’t write a review of anything from Connor Oberst without at least acknowledging that the man has a difficult voice to love (and that’s putting it very diplomatically). On *Digital Ash*, the arrangements simply aren’t as uniformly compelling. Often his aching, wobbly voice is left to stand alone in a mix of flashy drum loops and overly bright synths. I also feel that the lyrics on *Digital Ash* are a bit more superficial and less timeless than on *I’m Wide Awake*. The line on the second track, “Gold Mine Guttled” where Oberst whines about “grass stained jeans and incompletes and a girl from class to touch” turned my stomach. The album doesn’t recover from that embarrassment until two tracks later for the excellent “Down in a Rabbit Hole” and there is the great production at the end of the track that saves the song. A sadly similar theme running throughout the album is that the longer tracks (read: more beats, less bleating) are generally the best. The last track on the album, “Easy/Lucky/Free,” is the longest on the and not coincidentally one of the best songs Connor Oberst has ever put out under the Bright Eyes moniker. The album is wildly uneven, but has some definite highlights worth the Bullmoose price (not to be confused with full price...). Based on the highlights and the concert he put on for *Wide Awake*, I can’t wait to catch The Fever at another Bright Eyes show next tour.

The Decemberists, *Picarsque* (Kill Rock Stars)

Andy Fisher

Deep in the belly of a whale, a wretched mariner takes revenge upon the consumptive pirate that turned his family to ruin, a college lad makes a gaffe on the sporting fields of well cut grass and restrained English, and a spectral barrow boy is doomed to sell his coal and marigolds in the dead of night for all eternity. What could possibly connect these darkened Dickensonian stories?

Picarsque is The Decemberists’ forthcoming LP, which follows close on the heels of their first two LPs, the single year releases of *Castaways and Cutouts* and *Her Majesty The Decemberists*, which both received critical acclaim. After these two very similar albums, the Decemberists wandered a little further

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afield with their single track EP *The Tain*, which combined front man Colin Meloy's vocal storytelling with an epic, expansive musical background to rank highly among critics and listeners alike. The poor old Decemberists are loaded with expectations. So somewhere between their continental ramblings of Europe and North America, crashing around in true vagabond style, they willed into existence *Picaresque*. It is hard to say whether *Picaresque* is better or worse than any of their previous albums, because none of their albums seem better or worse than any other. They seem to fit together into a seamless musical wondering, building as it goes with each jewel they put out.

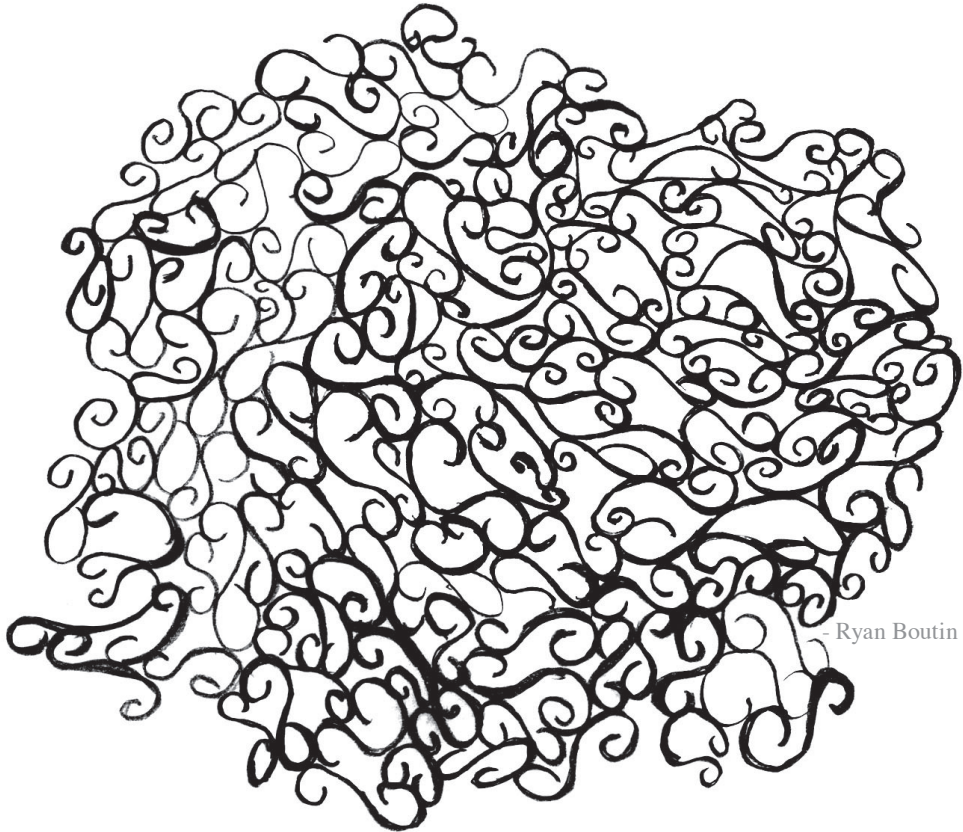
Chris Dahlen from Pitchfork Media claimed in his review of Her Majesty The Decemberists, "The Decemberists may never escape the label 'quirky,' which is a

crime." I think that ship has sailed. The Decemberists seem to have taken "quirky" and made it the standard. They are well beyond merely asking if they can join the party, they are staking out their own musical space. If *The Tain* was one work of epic scale with a large story and wandering yet grand music, then *Picaresque* is a closer, intimate collection of folk tales which still retain the sound from The Decemberists earlier works, but have taken on even more patina in their sound. The lyrics have the feel of a well-worn antique passed down through a winding course only to be found, surprisingly, in your attic. The music is rich and rhythmic, with outstanding performances by all members of the band, especially Rachel Blumberg on drums. The music switches between sonorous croonings by Meloy, with very little instrumentation, and blasting upbeat choruses filled with sound. Many tracks literally explode with strings and horns in addition to the booming percussion by Blumberg (who may be my favortie female drummer), Jenny Conlee's invigorating keyboard, and the dual string work from Chris Funk on steel guitar and dulcimer and Nate Query on his upright bass. There are some very welcome sections of female vocals that have appeared in their previous work, but shine in *Picaresque*. Simply, this album is built to please, filling the mind's eye with swirling images of love, adventure, and the darkness of human struggle, while filling the ears with urgent and swirling sounds.

The opening track "Infanta" holds nothing back, slowly welling up with strange animal calls and drum rolls right into a full out sprint of Meloy's lyrics on top of bounding percussion and soaring keyboard work. "Infanta" blasts open the album and really showcases the skill and craft of the band. After this opening salvo, the album cools off. "Eli, The Barrowboy" highlights the bittersweet side of the album, with the more traditional Meloy vocals over beautiful guitar work. However, the chorus gives a hint of female vocals (probably Conlee) backing up Meloy, which is unexpected and wonderful. Then, the album takes a quick jaunt with

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Flip Your Shit



— Ryan Boutin

Send submissions to alee@bowdoin.edu
or SU box number 460A

This issue, along with back issues of Flip Your Shit, can be viewed at
<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/wbor/zine.html>

“The Sporting Life,” which must be a less serious counterpoint to Her Majesty’s flagship song “The Soldiering Life.” It takes a page from “I Was Meant For Stage,” with parental disappointment, but is decidedly more jaunty. The Decemberists also break into a bit of new ground “Sixteen Military Wives,” which as far as I can tell is their first politically charged song. Usually I cast a cold eye on such songs, which often tend towards self-righteousness, pretension, and a forced approach to songwriting. However, as a skeptic I was won over, because The Decemberists pull this one off well.

Now anyone that knows and loves The Decemberists must know that there is one thing that I have yet to mention. There is, dear fans, a pirate song. Perhaps one of the best songs in their repertoire. I guess if one were to name a flagship song on the album, it would have to be *Picaresque*’s “Pirate Corsair Command Ship”. Not only does Meloy absolutely earn his degree in creative writing (quite literally... he has one) but the rest of the band holds nothing back. Female vocals shine like never before, in all their spectral and macabre glory. Conlee’s accordion perfects this seaside chanty of revenge, and Funk’s strummings keep pace with the percussion, creating a consistent momentum. Beautiful little flourishes abound. Minstrels everywhere bow in homage to this tune. The whole album works just like their others. I am not sure that I can officially pronounce this, but I get the feeling that this is their best work. There is a very hard to describe quality that the Decemberists have and it is much more pervasive on this album. The whole thing hangs together better than their other albums, and that is a feat. I, as always, stand in amazement at the work these fine folks do. Tip of the hat to all of you.

Best of ‘04 - Notes From Somewhat Above Ground

Ted Reinert

2004 was a better year for music than it was for the world. While I spent much of it digging through rock and roll’s back catalog, I paid enough attention to the newer offerings to share with you the following twelve mini-reviews.

Top 5 Albums of the Year

1. Green Day, *American Idiot* – It may never reach the classic status of Dookie, but this punk opera is Green Day’s best work since. The nine minute “Jesus of Suburbia” is probably the most impressive track of their career, and the album is the best soundtrack for the politically disenchanted offered yet this century.
2. Franz Ferdinand, *Franz Ferdinand* – I put “Dark of the Matinee” on a mix I made for a party here at Camp Bobo this summer and it got everyone dancing. How much modern rock can one actually dance to? Best thing to come out of Scotland since Idlewild, if not fried Mars bars.
3. The Arcade Fire, *Funeral* – They’re from Montreal, which is evidenced by accordions and the occasional French lyrics, and they sing about digging tunnels through the snow. The album has an appealing melodramatic arc, and nearly every track is great. Best thing to come out of Canada since Steve Nash, if not

poutine.

4. Wilco, *A Ghost is Born* – Severely underrated in my opinion, though this is the album that introduced me to Wilco, and I still haven't heard *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*. "Wishful Thinking" is one of Tweedy's most poignant songs and the album is full of great pop tunes. The loud, experimental stuff is fun too. As for that 12-minute drone? Skip it if you don't like zoning out to it.
5. Rilo Kiley, *More Adventurous* – "Portions for Foxes" deserves to be a major radio hit. Best girl-pop album since Nelly Furtado's debut.

Slight Disappointments

1. PJ Harvey, *Uh Huh Her* – PJ, this is good music, as ever, but *Stories From the City, Stories From the Sea* was a lot nicer to listen to.
2. U2, *How to Dismantle An Atomic Bomb* – Bono and boys, you followed up *All That You Can't Leave Behind* with half a good album. But the second half sounds like Sting, "Crumbs From Your Table" is the worst song of your career, and "Miracle Drug" could have been really, really good if the lyrics didn't suck. *How to Dismantle A Successful Late Career Renaissance*.
3. The Music, *Welcome to the North* – The title track fuckin' rocks, but for the most part they're trying too hard- hiring a big name producer and the like. Their strong point is making cool noises, not writing great songs. Then again, they're trying to get on the radio, and I'd much rather have this than 3 Doors Down. Unfortunately, my local alternative radio station just switched formats to Spanish pop. A moment of silence for Annapolis' legendary WHFS, please.
4. Björk, *Medulla* – Her relentless experimentation continues to garner good reviews. Several friends were interested in hearing Björk's all-vocals album, but when I played it to them, they were scared too.

Best Compilations

1. Neil Young, *Greatest Hits* – About time, Neil. 1969-71 is so heavily covered that the classic albums of that period probably needn't be bought if you've got this, but a very good intro to an important artist.
2. Ryan Adams, *Love Is Hell* – Ryan's best album since 2001, available on a single CD for the first time ever!
3. Nirvana, *With the Lights Out* – Comprehensive, impressive, depressing.

Best Soundtrack

The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou – Apparently Wes Anderson has made good soundtracks for a while now, which makes sense since his movies always have good music in them. But only this one has Knockout Ned from City of God singing 70s Bowie tunes in Portuguese accompanied by acoustic guitar. Brilliant.

This Space For Rent

Freeland Church

Hello and good afternoon, dear readers. For my first column, (presuming this becomes some sort of regular feature in the fine publication you hold in your hands) I must entreat your help. What shall I call this monstrosity? Thus far I've tossed around "Short-Cuts," "Short-Takes," and "Sound-Bites." Quoth the roommate, "God, that's cheesy." I know, but it's all I have right now. His best suggestion was "Liner Notes." Not bad. Another friend suggested I incorporate my name (anyone care for some "Free Thoughts"?). Let me know what you think (fchurch@bowdoin.edu), fair readers, and next time we'll have a more permanent moniker.

So, without further ado, let's talk about some music.

My cousin gave me a mix CD over break with some fabulous stuff on it. Hence, I've returned to school loaded with opinions to share. In no particular order...

Keane-"Somewhere Only We Know." To recent date, probably the song most often heard emanating from showers around campus. With the piano and vocals mixing into a seamless blend that soars and dives at all the right times, one listen will have any listener hooked. The shower renditions don't do it justice, though, so you should check it out yourself.



- Heather Boyd

Citizen Cope-“Son’s Gonna Rise” and “Bullet and a Target.” Cope spills personal stories through hip-hop-folk fusion that transcend their narrow subjects. His vocals have the smooth rhythmic style of G-Love, but with an edge that anchors them in your brain. I always thought G-Love was missing something. Now I know what it is.

Jamie Cullum-“Twentysomething.” If you’re about to graduate and have little to no idea what the future has in store, you must listen to this song. It will open your eyes, and probably new doors in your career search. Before I heard it I was not aware that I could “Maybe go to the gym so I don’t get fat/Aren’t things more easy with a tight six-pack?” Cullum is more helpful than the CPC.

Indigo Girls-“Fill It Up Again.” Raise your hands high, closeted hippie children! Yes! The Indigo Girls are back and, may I say, better than ever? Ok so, it’s just one song, but damn it is good. I haven’t gone Blue in a while, but with the verve these folkers bring to their craft, I’m more than happy to “Fill It Up Again.”

Mark Knopfler-“Boom, Like That.” Time magazine credited Ray Kroc in the “Builders & Titans” section of its “Time 100” series for his focus on quality, service, cleanliness and value. On the foundation of those four pillars, Kroc built an empire that spawned an industry. As wholesome as Kroc’s vision was, Knopfler is concerned with another aspect of his success. This delicious bit of Americana details the less savory side of one of our favorite chains.

Jem-“They.” Jem opens “Who made up all the rules?/We follow them like fools.” I think she might be onto something there. But she’s onto something else, too-I’m definitely a fool for sensual female vocals over ominous beats and samples of little kids’ voices. I may not follow all the rules, but I’d follow the voice of this Welsh siren to the ends of the earth.

All right folks, that’s all for meow. Have fun with classes and send in those title suggestions!

New Music at ‘BOR

Matt Lajoie

Beck - “*E-Pro*”

I’m sure many of you have already heard this song: if you liked “Sea Change” and hoped for more of the same, unfortunately that’s not what you’re going to get. Instead, “E-Pro” reminds us that Mr. Hansen was doing the laptop electro-rock thing long before BumblebeeZ 81 bought their first iMac.

Iron & Wine - “*Woman King*”

Seeing as though my formal introduction to Iron & Wine was their incredible interim EP “The Sea & the Rhythm” (which is still my favorite Iron & Wine release), I had high hopes for “Woman King”. Unfortunately, while “The Sea & the Rhythm” hung together as a collection of beautifully haunting and simple folk/blues songs, “Woman King” feels like what it is: a collection of leftovers from “Our Endless Numbered Days”. The songs are still great (I don’t think Sam Beam can write a bad song) but there’s nothing really striking here, and by now the Iron & Wine style is becoming a little too predictable. That said, tracks 4 (“Freedom Hangs Like Heaven”) and 5 (“My Lady’s House”) are great additions to the Iron & Wine catalogue, and will

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probably pop up on a few mix CDs in the coming months. Naughty language warning: track 6.

The Raveonettes - “A Touch of Black”

This single/EP is what the liner notes call “an appetizer” to the new Raveonettes album that will be coming out in April. The songs on this EP are pretty much what you might expect from The Raveonettes by now, though much more on the (lighter) side of “Chain Gang of Love” than “Whip It On”. Less fuzz, more trebly guitars, and pop melodies right out of Buddy Holly territory. In fact, there’s even a cover of Holly’s “Everyday”. Which, by the way, is one of the coolest covers that I’ve heard in a while: the addition of the “jet-plane engine”-sounding, My Bloody Valentine-ish tidal wave of distortion evens out the sugary xylophone riffs and beautiful vocals perfectly. The opening track, “Love In A Trashcan”, as well as the other two tracks are also worth checking out and playing.

Death Vessel - “Stay Close”

Okay, you guys won’t believe me when I tell you this, but the lead singer REALLY IS A MALE. Yes, that’s right. Even if you don’t think that you like alt-country-folk, give this a listen and this fact will blow your mind. But the novelty of such a pixie-voiced male lead singer aside, Death Vessel (who are on the Portland label Northeast Indie) is one of the most exciting local bands I’ve heard in a while. These songs are quite gorgeous if you give them an open mind and you don’t mind a little country-tinged folk in your life. The lyrics are great, too (if you listen for that sort of thing), and did I mention THAT’S A DUDE SINGING?! Beautiful fingerpicking guitars, harmonies, and sparse percussion. I think that track 3 (“Blowing Cave”) is my favorite. It should appeal to fans of everything from Neutral Milk Hotel and The Decemberists to Gillian Welch.

Hidden In Plain View - “Life In Dreaming”

Yes, they’re on Drive-Thru Records. Yes, they’re exactly what you expect when the sticker compares them to Taking Back Sunday. Yes, you know exactly what they “really” mean when they say “emotionally charged rock ‘n roll.” EMO ALERT! EMO ALERT! ABORT! ABORT!

Mogwai - “Government Commissions: BBC Sessions 1996-2003”

This collection of recordings of live radio sessions for the BBC plays like a live greatest-hits album for (mostly instrumental) post-rockers Mogwai. All of my favorites are here, so for those unfamiliar with Mogwai’s sound, I would suggest using this album as a starting point to checking out the rest of the band’s catalogue. It’s dreamy, cinematic, and beautiful, yet requires a fair amount of patience in order to soak it all in. A bit like Sigur Ros without the vocals.

Stars - “Set Yourself on Fire”

They’re from Montreal. Montreal will never let you down. More rockin’ than their last release, “Heart”, as the “Broken Social Scene, Metric, Rentals, Concretes” comparisons on the CD sticker seem appropriate enough. This is indie-pop as pretty--though generally unremarkable--as it gets. Check the sticker for language warnings.

CONCERT CALENDER

February						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
				The Futureheads (Paradise) Emerganza Festival (Middle East)	Phantom Buffalo (Space)	
27	28					

March						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
			My Chemical Romance, The Used, Killswitch Engage (Cumerland Civic Ctr)			Ratatat, The Double, Big Digits (Middle East)
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Juanes (Orpheum)			Interpol with Q and not U (Orpheum) Les Georges Lenningrad (Sommerville, MA Pa's Lounge)	Rubikon, Stray Bullets, New Blood (Middle East)		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
				Dropkick Murphys (Avalon)	Strangefolk (Middle East) Ashlee Simpson! (Orpheum)	Eagles (Dunkin Donuts Center)
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Slint (The Roxy)	Colin Meloy-of the Decembrists (TT's)					Kaiser Chiefs (Middle East) Pat Metheny (Orpheum)
27	28	29	30	31		
Aesop Rock (Middle East)		Lyrics Born (Space)				

Coming in April:

M83, Dizee Rascal, The Books, Animal Collective, The Futureheads, Green Day, Of Montreal, The kills, Will Oldham and Matt Sweeny, Prefuse 73, The Decemberists, Angels of Light



Portland: + The Big Easy 55 Market St. + The State Theater 609 Congress St. www.liveatthestate.com + Space Gallery 538 Congress St. www.space538.org	Boston: + The Middle East 472 Mass. Ave., www.mideastclub.com + The Avalon 5 Lansdowne St. 617-262-2424 + The Orpheum 1 Hamilton Place 617-482-0650	+ Paradise Rock Club 967 Commonwealth Ave www.thedise.com + TT the Bear's 10 Brookline St., Cambridge www.ttthebears.com Other: + Worcester Centrum Centre 50 Foster St., Worcester, MA. 508-755-6800
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WBOR SPRING PROGRAM SCHEDULE

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Emil 7.30 - 9.00 AM	Tan + Heather 8.00 - 9.00 AM	Ashley Mechling 7.00 - 8.30 AM	John McKinney 5.30 - 7.30 AM	Ben P. 8.30 - 10.00 AM	Greg Pearson 9.30 - 11.30	Chris Relax 9.00 - 10.30 AM
Liana 9.00 - 10.00	Lisa Bonjour 9.00 - 10.30	Tim + Sarah 8.30 - 10.00	Callie + Amelia 7.30 - 9.00	Dan + Matt 10.00 - 11.30	Perez 11.30 - 1.00 PM	Gabe Grindle 10.30 - 11.30
Alice Wong 10.00 - 12.00	Vivian 10.30 - 12.00	Jared Hunt 10.00 - 11.30	Ben C-K 9.00 - 10.00	Larry 11.30 - 1.00 PM	Karina V. 1.00 - 2.00	Curtis + Mark 11.30 - 12.30
Philip + Ely 12.00 - 1.30	Selena + Deborah 12.00 - 1.30	Conor + Dan 11.30 - 1.00 PM	Jonna + Macy 10.00 - 11.00	Astrid + Clara 1.00 - 2.30	Derek, Andy, Elena 2.00 - 4.00	Karl + Daniel 12.30 - 2.00
Vic + Ellie 1.30 - 3.00	Bob Jorgensen 1.30 - 2.30	Jamil 1.00 - 2.30	Gabrial K 11.00 - 12.00	Adam P. + Ted P. 2.30 - 4.00	Dick + Jane 4.00 - 6.00	Alkhaaliq + Shawn 2.00 - 3.00
Petey 3.00 - 4.30	Elliot + Baulio 2.30 - 4.00	Hope 2.30 - 3.30	The Log 12.00 - 1.30	Noah 4.00 - 5.00	Bill Morse 6.00 - 8.00	Lakia + Jazmin 3.00 - 4.00
Adam Keller 4.30 - 5.30	Marc, Jared, Nick 4.00 - 5.30	Suzanne + Tara 3.30 - 5.00	Charlie 1.30 - 3.00	Alice Lee 5.00 - 6.30	Luke Matt Roby 8.00 - 9.30	Maine Jazz 4.00 - 6.00
Fariha + Lee 5.30 - 6.30	Mike White 5.30 - 7.00	Laurel + Diana 5.00 - 6.00	Emily + Lenora 3.00 - 4.00	Matt Spooner 6.30 - 8.00	Andrew + Gabe 9.30 - 11.00	Crystal 6.00 - 7.00
Joanna 6.30 - 7.30	Margaret Allen 7.00 - 8.00	Katie + Meaghan 6.00 - 7.00	Josh Roberts 4.00 - 5.30	Mike Halmo 8.00 - 9.30	Robert Roy 11.00 - 12.30	Amy + Allison 7.00 - 8.30
Jesse + Carolyn 7.30 - 8.30	Savoy Truffles 8.00 - 10.00	Bill Audette 7.00 - 9.00	Pete 5.30 - 7.00	Free + Metcalf 9.30 - 11.00		Emily + Alex 8.30 - 10.00
Ashley + Mirza 8.30 - 10.00	Varley 10.00 - 11.30	Sarah M. + Judgi 9.00 - 10.30	Tauwan 7.00 - 8.00	Kerry + Henry 11.00 - 12.30		Tyler Braun 10.00 - 11.30
Matt 10.00 - 11.30	Matt + Mike 11.30 - 1.00 AM	Cory Hiar 10.30 - 12.30	Evan 8.00 - 9.30	Nick + Anton 12.30 - 2.00		Kate H. 11.30 - 1.00 AM
Jeremy + Brian 11.30 - 1.00 AM	Ben C 1.00 - 2.00	Adam C-L 12.30 - 1.30	Leach + Mason 9.30 - 10.30			
			Cappy 10.30 - 12.00			
			Jessica + Bill 12.00 - 1.30			
			Dock 1.30 - whenever			